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fair, who upon going to strike up the solo which was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow. So you see, Sir, it was not born with me. However, though my friends, even Apjohn, despaired of me, the *cacothetes loquax* was not to be subdued without a struggle. I was for the present silenced, but I still attended our meetings with the most laudable regularity; and even ventured to accompany the others to a more ambitious theatre, "The Devils of Temple bar;" where truly, I may say, that many a time the devil's own work was going forward. Here, warned by fatal experience that a man's powers may be overstrained, I at first confined myself to a simple "aye," or "no;" and by dint of practice and encouragement, brought my tongue to recite those magical elements of parliamentary eloquence, "with sound emphasis and good discretion;" so that in a short time I had completed my education for the Irish senate. Such was my state; a popular throb just beginning to revisit my heart, when a long expected remittance arrived from Newmarket. Apjohn dined with me that day; and when the leg of mutton, or rather the *bone*, was removed, we offered up the libation of an additional glass of punch "for the health and length of days of that kind mother who remembered the necessities of her absent child." In the evening we repaired to "The Devils." One of them was upon his legs; a fellow of whom it was impossible to decide whether he was most distinguished by the filth of his person, or the flippancy of his tongue: just such another as the great Harry Flood, our talented countryman, would have called "the highly gifted gentleman with the dirty cravat and greasy pantaloons." I found this learned person in the act of calumniating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms, and (as I believe I shortly afterwards told him,) traducing the illustrious dead, by affecting a confidential intercourse, as he would with some nobleman, "his very dear friend," behind his back, who, if present, would indignantly repel the imputation of so insulting an intimacy. He descanted upon Demosthenes, the glory of the Roman Forum; that Tully was the cotemporary and rival of Cicero; and in the short space of one half hour, transported the straits of Marathon three several times to the plains of Thermopylæ. Thinking I had a right to know something of these matters, I looked at him with surprise; and whether it was the money in my pocket, or my classical chivalry, or most probably the supplemental tumbler of punch, that gave my face a smirk of saucy confidence, when our eyes met, there was something like a wager of battle in mine, upon which the erudite gentleman instantly changed his invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel (*horresco referens*) to "orator mum," who he doubted not possessed wonderful talent for eloquence, although he would recommend him to show it in future by some more popular method than silence.—I followed his advice, and I believe not entirely without effect; for, when upon sitting down, I whispered my friend, "that I hoped he did not think that my *dirty* antagonist had got *clean* off?"

"On the contrary, my dear fellow," said he, "every one around me is declaring that it is the first time they ever saw him so *well dressed*."

The speech which Mr. Curran made upon this occasion, was immediately followed by a more substantial reward than the applauses of his hearers. The debate was no sooner closed than the president of the society despatched his secretary to the eloquent stranger, to solicit the honour of his company to partake of a cold collation, which proved to consist of bread, cheese, and porter; but the public motives of the invitation rendered it to the guest the most delicious supper that he had ever tasted.

In the battle of Leipsic, fought in the year 1631, it is worthy of remark that Gustavus Adolphus made use of field-pieces constructed of hardened leather, bound round with iron hoops; and the Scots first fired in platoons: the two Scottish regiments were led by Sir James Ramsay, surnamed the Black, Sir John Hamilton, and Robert Monro, Baron of Fowlis.

## SEA-NYMPH'S SONG.

Oh! come with us to our fairy home beneath those sparkling waves,  
And view us as we roam at will through our coral covered caves;  
And join the dance and banquet bright, the song and the tale of love,  
And share a life but known by name in the dull repose above.

We hold our halls by the diamond's light in the glow of the mirror'd deep,  
Where the amaranth gives undying bloom, and the sea-treasures ever sleep:  
Our banquets and the mirth they bring suit the evergreen flower's hue,  
The same to-day as they yesterday were, thus ever unchanged though new.

Our pledges are given in spicy draughts never tasted by mortal's lip,  
For earth does not yield, or its children know, such liquors as those we sip;  
The amber gives us its golden tint, the silvery pearl its sheen,  
To fashion the vases wherein they foam, well worthy of such I ween!

Our songs—oh! our life is a life of song!—breathe nought but of pleasure and glee,  
And the strain ye wish for, too oft in vain, the wild spirit of the free;  
For think ye *that's* found in the hieling's verse, in the lay of a purchased muse;  
And have courtly smiles, and profligate gold, left ye aught but from these to choose?

But to us and our home belong liberty's peal, we sing and its echoes are flung  
From our chambers of mirth, in the azure below, through our domes and our halls every one.  
Of freedom we'll sing at our festivals by day, but of love at the calm eventide,  
And the hymn of the heart, with the moonbeams as pure o'er the blue wave together shall glide:

And love, as ye dream it, or wish it to be, undying, unsullied and true,  
And fresh from the heart, as the scent from the rose, pearl'd o'er with its last night's dew,  
Shall be thine if thou'lt come to our home in the deep, where pain is unknown, or sorrow,  
Where care throws no blight on the bliss of to-day in the thought of the coming morrow!

Then away, away to that fairy home, to our bowers beneath the sea,  
To our halls of gold, and our banquets of mirth, our songs and our revelry;  
Away, away, we wait too long near this earth, so dull and so cold,  
Where the heart in its sunniest glow feels chill'd, and even youth's warm throb seems old!

J. C.

## ABBEE OF CORCOMROE, COUNTY OF CLARE.

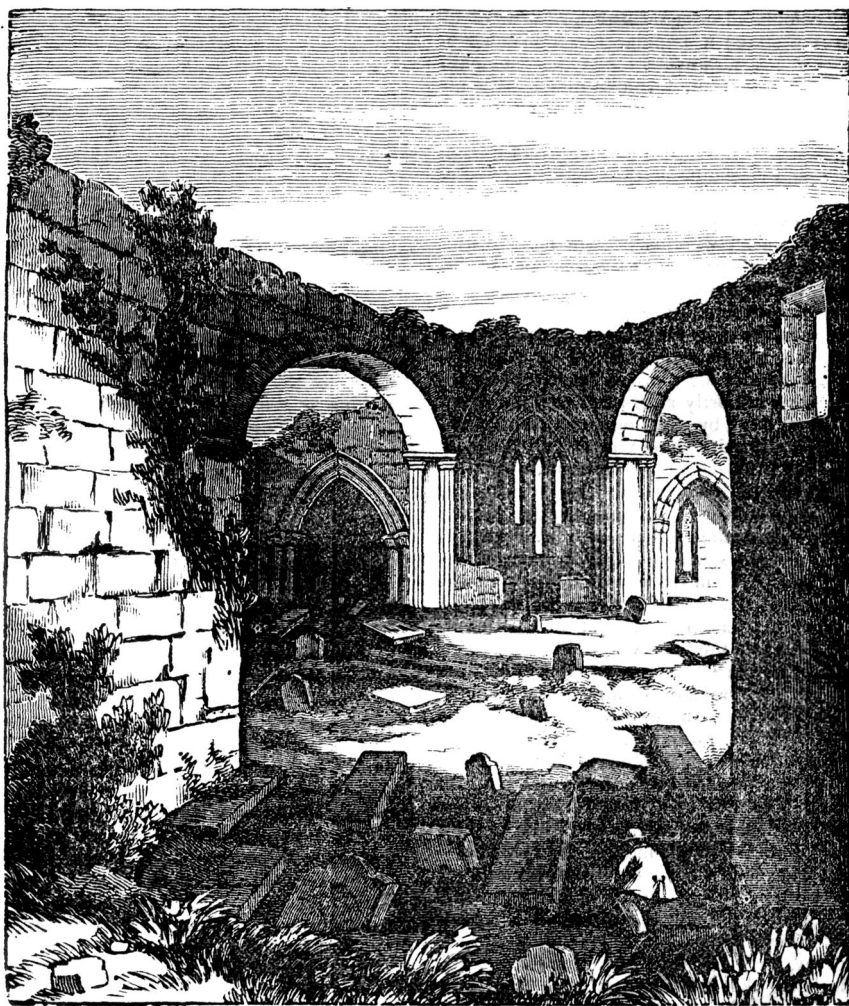
MR. EDITOR—In sending my present contribution to your patriotic and highly useful publication, I am bound to acknowledge the great obligation I owe you for having corrected the error I fell into in my account of Roscrea, given in your 86th number. I inadvertently applied, in that article, to the author of the "Irish Antiquarian Researches" an observation intended for another person, and incorrectly found fault with Sir William Betham, as if he had supposed that the Roscrea copy of the gospels was found by boys seeking birds' nests in the Devil's Bit mountain.

The fact is, writing as I do these my trifling and gra-

trifling tributes to the Dublin Penny Journal hastily, and during intervals snatched from the pursuit of more serious avocations, I accidentally attributed to the Ulster King an error into which another person, a learned and esteemed friend, had fallen, in an essay read before the Royal Irish Academy the 24th of May, 1819, and afterwards published in the transactions of that learned body, wherein the author writes of the relic alluded to, that "it was found about thirty years past by some persons who were looking for nests in the caverns among the rocks of the Devil's Bit Mountain, in the county of Tipperary."

You did me no more than justice in expressing your conviction that I did not intend to misrepresent. The sense of gratitude I feel for your having reprehended my

error is heightened by the circumstance of the correction having accompanied, and so exposed and neutralised, the mistake. I only regret your not having without ceremony applied the dash of editorial suppression to the faulty passage. To one writing, as I do, for amusement, and to assist a national periodical publication, such a measure could not fail to prove acceptable. It is due of me to Sir William Betham, as a writer valuing a literary reputation, thus spontaneously to make him the only reparation in my power; and I beg to assure him that my not having come forward to do so sooner, is solely owing to my not having seen the 86th number of the Dublin Penny Journal until within a few days past. With your permission, Mr. Editor, I shall now proceed to my present subject.



ABBAY OF CORCOMROE, COUNTY OF CLARE.

The abbey of Corcomroe is situate in a lonely winding vale in the barony of Burren, and county of Clare. It was anciently called *Corcamruadh*, from the Irish *Cor*, a district, *Cam*, a quarrel, and *Ruaidh*, red, and was also denominated the abbey "*De Viridi Saxo*," or "*of the Green Rock*," from the amazing fertility of the mountainous and stony land around it. Even the interior of the abbey at this day presents a surface of nothing but rugged stones, and it seems as if there was not clay sufficient to cover the numerous corpses interred there. All appears a collection of earthless fragments of rock intermixed with human bones, as represented in the accompanying engraving.

The ruin of Corcomroe abbey is one of great splendour. In the engraving the spectator is supposed to stand near one of the angles at the western end of the nave im-

mediately under the square steeple or belfry. Before him is the choir, exhibiting a groined arch, inferior to none that I have seen—those of Holycross, in the county of Tipperary excepted—and the north and south transepts open to the right and left by large plain circular arches, through which are visible two small chapels, situate on either side of the choir. This fabric stood in the centre of a square plot of land containing about six acres, and which was enclosed with a wall ten feet high. The entrance was by an arched gateway and gatehouse opposite to the western end of the abbey.

A large chasm at the foot of the rocky mountain that lies west of the abbey, towards the sea, is pointed out by the people of the neighbourhood as the place where the stones were raised for building the abbey. It is, however, manifest on examination, that the opening in the moun-

ain was occasioned by persons raising some kind of mine-  
at; for, in the first place, the quantity of stone taken out  
of so vast an excavation would suffice for the erection of  
twenty abbeys like that at Corcomroe; and in the next  
place, I have seen, higher up the mountain, two shafts,  
plainly the work of miners at some distant period. I  
dropt a stone into one of these shafts. It was about six  
seconds from the time it left my hand until I heard it  
splash in the water beneath. This time converted into  
space, by allowing for the accelerated descent of the stone,  
and the return of the sound gives about one hundred and  
sixty fathoms, or nine hundred and sixty feet for the depth  
of the shaft to the surface of the water, exclusive of the  
depth of the water at bottom.

Corcomroe was in the year 1088 thrice plundered by  
Rotheric O'Connor and Dermot O'Brien. According to  
the red book of Kilkenny, in 1194, Donald, King of Lime-  
rick, founded a sumptuous monastery here for Cistercian  
monks, and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary, while other  
authorities assert that his son, Donogh Carbrac, was the  
founder, in the year 1200. This abbey was a daughter of  
that of Suire. It was afterwards made subject to the ce-  
lebrated abbey of Furnes in Lancashire. The cell of Kil-  
sonna, alias Kilshanny, was some time after annexed to  
this house.

In 1267, Donogh O'Brien, King of Thomond, was killed  
in the battle of Sindaine, in this barony, and was solemnly  
interred in the abbey, where was erected to his memory  
a grand monument, the remains of which are to be seen  
at the present day. It is placed in a niche on the north  
side of the choir. The subjoined drawing is a representa-  
tion of it.



I find on the earliest patent roll in the Rolls' Office,  
Dublin, that Thomas, the son of Maurice, granted to  
King Edward the First, along with the cantred of O'Cassin  
and the half cantred of Oblyt, thirteen villages in Corcum-  
rath to hold for ever; to which grant Robert, Lord Bishop  
of Bath and Wells, then Chancellor of England, and  
Lords William De Valence, John De Vesey, Otone De  
Grandison, Gerald Fitzmaurice, John De Barry, John De  
Cogan, and others were witnesses.

A great battle was fought near this abbey in 1317, in

which many of the principal O'Briens fell. Amongst the  
slain were two sons of Brien Ruadh, (or the Red,) King  
of Thomond, viz. Teige and Murtoigh Garbh, or the bois-  
terous, from the latter of whom it is probable the neigh-  
bouring village of Murtoighclogh takes its name. The  
ground where this battle took place lies along the bottom  
of the hill between the village of Murtoighclogh and the  
abbey. Human bones and skeletons are dug up here con-  
stantly, and the place is now called the Hill of the Gal-  
lows.

John, abbot of Corcumroe, was in 1418 made Bishop  
of Kilmacduach; and Archdall reports that the abbey, with  
eleven quarters of land in Corcumroe and Gleammanagh  
were ultimately granted to Richard Harding. Notwith-  
standing this grant, it appears that this religious establish-  
ment was not forsaken by the Cistercian monks as late as  
at least as 1628, and that it was subject to the Cistercian  
Lord Abbott of Holycross, whose predecessors were mitred  
abbots and peers. We find, that subsequent to that year,  
the reverend Father John O'Dea, was appointed abbot  
here. O'Dea was a Cistercian monk, and formerly of the  
Irish college at Salamanca. Approved in life, morals, and  
learning, he embraced the monastic rule under Father  
Luke Archer, Lord Abbott of Holycross, in compliance  
with a vow he made the 4th of January, 1618. When  
forty years of age he was appointed vicar to the parishes  
belonging to Holycross abbey, and is said to have written  
some treatises of no great importance. He could not have  
been abbot of Corcumroe previous to 1623, for there is  
still extant a note of his having been parochus in Holy-  
cross that year; but he was probably abbot in 1628, as  
we are told he ceased to be parochus at Holycross, and  
was succeeded in that office by Malachy Forstell, who  
continued to officiate therein until 1628. This account  
of O'Dea I have gathered from a vellum MS., written in  
1640 by Father Malachy John Hartry, and mentioned in  
Harris's edition of Ware's writers. This MS. belongs to  
the Roman Catholic archiepiscopal library at Thurles. I  
have lately been favoured with the inspection of it by the  
present learned Roman Catholic prelate of that see. It  
was a long time in my possession previous to the appoint-  
ment of the late archbishop. I shall have occasion to al-  
lude to it more fully hereafter.

Corcumroe is now a rectory in the diocese of Kilfenora.

B.

#### POPULAR TALES AND LEGENDS.\*

As a specimen of the entertaining little volume bearing  
this title, we gave in our last a story by Denis O'Donoho,  
at the time we promised another by J. L.L., which we now  
give. It is called—

#### THE FETCH.

A TALE OF SUPERSTITION.

KATHLEEN'S FETCH—TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

The reaper's weary task was done  
And down to repose sunk the Autumn sun;  
And the crimson clouds, in the rich-hued west,  
Were folding like rose leaves round his rest.  
My heart was light and I hummed a tune,  
As I hied me home by the harvest moon.  
And I bless'd her soft and tender ray  
That rose to lighten my lone path-way.

Then I thought on my Kathleen's winning smile,  
(And I felt my heart grow sad the while;)  
Of her cheek like the fading rose-clouds glowing  
Of her hair, like the dying sun-light flowing;  
And her words, like the song of a summer's bird,  
And her air and step like the fawn's, when stirred  
By the hunter's horn, booming o'er  
The woody glens of the steep *Slieve-more*.

The broad *Lough Mask*† beneath me lay,  
Like a sheet of foam in the silver ray;

\* Popular Tales and Legends of the Irish Peasantry, with  
illustrations by S. Lover, Esq., R. H. A.

† A large and beautiful lake, bounded by the counties of  
Mayo and Galway.